



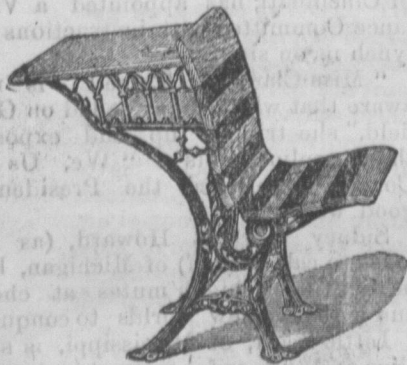
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1881.

NUMBER 6.

## POETRY.

### The Poet's Home.

"The poet's home is found,  
By nobler scenes his mind is cheer'd,  
In nature's power divine.

Not crowded mart can pleasure give,  
Or fashion's glittering shrine,  
The poet joys in scenes that live,  
To speak a power divine.

Not dear-bought fame, the poet's theme,  
Nor wealth, his rich reward,  
With naught but these, his life would seem,  
With shadows dark o'erhead.

Not limited the poet's range,  
New joys he daily knows,  
Through nature's swift, successive change,  
New beauty hourly grows.

He ever finds his converse sweet  
With all that God has made;  
With him, all nature is repeat,  
With charms that never fade.

He never feels himself alone,  
Though not a friend be near,  
For others nature still a tone  
His ever loves to hear.

In wooded shade he loves to roam,  
And catch each zephyr's sound—  
The there the poet finds a home,  
Where nature's gifts abound.

And 'mid the valley's wildest bloom,  
Or in the deep above,  
He doth his long-loved walk resume,  
For there he loves to rove.

Or when the frowning rock doth bend,  
Or to the ocean's edge,  
Fresh gath'ring pleasures ever blend,  
And o'er him sweetly creep.

And by the streamlet's verdant side,  
Where wave the branches o'er,  
Comes pleasure's dearest, fullest tide,  
Of sweetness evermore.

And yet the poet wanders on,  
Imbuing new delights,  
By every scene in nature won,  
His fancy takes its flight.

LESTER MONTROSE.

## STORE TELLER.

### A NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and, looking up, there was Squire Turner, with his arm folded on the gate looking over. When he caught my eye, he laughed and blushed; and I rose and made him a courtesy.

He was handsome gentleman, the 'squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at, with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulder, and said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I sat a chair for him, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandfather, who brought me up, always said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story, I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other under the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard of hearing, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the 'squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of the fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

"That night we had something else to think of. Misfortune had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half year's rent should come due not a penny to pay it with could be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But, 'squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not desire that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the 'squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the school-master's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up. "For that matter the 'squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than you do just now."

"Maybe you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. There was no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep though. I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much though. I knew he would come round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in from a lonely ride, and, shutting the door, stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we were both frightened. At last he spoke:

"I have been to the 'squire's," he said. "For the first time, I had to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou art young, lass," he said, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Say, couldst like the 'squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh," cried grandmamma. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie.

"I knew the lass would be lucky," said I. "But I put my hand on grandfathers' shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew."

"Will have him, and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown; and how kind the 'squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives though. If I refused and vexed the young 'squire, heaven alone knew what might happen.

"She'll never never ruin her poor grandpa," sobbed grandmamma.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it in my palm, and told them that it was Evan Locke's, and that I had pledged my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful girl, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh! I would have done anything for them—anything but to give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it, high and low, but no sign of it. And I began to fear that the loss was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke. The days passed on and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I love him so."

And grandmamma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned, and talked of the workhouse. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandmamma said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst. "Perhaps you know all about it," said grandmamma. "You are going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said.

"You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They are going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there, they say. That's what takes him."

"I told you so," said grandmother. "I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatter-box, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors." And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it till I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knee.

"It's true," said I. "For the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined, and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked up at her as she sobbed, and found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept upstairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I said. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The 'squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brow grand lover cannot make ye smile; ye are as that ill either."

"No; I'm well enough," said I. She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell you a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I could not open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by and I was close upon marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes.

I wished it was my shroud they were working at instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?"

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in a fright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him frae ye for sake o' the young 'squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I seen ye waste like the snaw wreich in the sun sin the 'squire wooed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Dr. Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na drop o' true bluid in a woman's gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, and your grannie rode home. There, 'tis all I kin—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And if I had had wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long—I'd rather die than think it."

She turned scarlet.

"True love?" she said; "You've but one love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it," I cried; "it's written on your face."

And she looked down at that, and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and

see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the 'squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and let me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here," he began.

But I stopped him.

"Not you love, 'Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but even after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob and think he thought me mad.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been pledged to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by the offer of his hand, I angered my grandparents by owing to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

"And through I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "I still can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked, all the rich color faded out of the 'squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong, young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many higher and fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine had gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm, and saw me across the moor, and at the gate, paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Canadian ship Golden George has not sailed yet."

I like him better than I had ever done before that night, when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men, who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool, and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me; but our young 'squire? Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had girls and boys at our knees; and when the oldest was nigh two, the thing that I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three good twelve months, came our 'squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—and mistress who loved the 'squire as I loved Evan.

"Eh! but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl, I saw in her coffin, withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the 'squire had slept ten years—to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were out away under tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear Evan, has mouldered away on the bottom of the sea somewhere. And I think my wedding ring is like to out last us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be ninety to-morrow."

Ninety! It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan.

"Why do you steal apples from my orchard when you know I'll give you as many as you want, just for asking?" The boy hung his head for a moment in shame, and then, like a true representative of the average conscience of the day, replied: "Well, sir, I knew very well that you would give them to me, and so to save you that trouble of answering my question, I went into the orchard and helped myself."

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## JEALOUSY.

How sublime is Milton's Paradise Lost. Have you ever seen the grand panorama on canvas taken from his book.

Ages upon ages back, the Almighty set one Lucifer over his host to execute his commands. Every thing tended to the supreme glory of the Deity. In an evil moment, Lucifer became jealous of the Lord and all his glory. He contrived to turn all this glory to himself. He induced a myriad of bad angels to rebel against the Lord. He was debased, and the Archangel Gabriel was pronounced to fill his place. Lucifer called all the evil spirits to contend for his place. He opposed Gabriel, opposed the commands of the Lord Almighty. Behold the great war between the Angels in Heaven. Lucifer and his host were at last driven out of Heaven and cast down, down into the bottomless pit.

Ages after, behold Lucifer, still full of revenge and jealousy, flying about vast space to this fair earth, bent upon mischief. He arrives in the Garden of Eden. This Garden of Eden actually existed, however much commentators and critics may have disputed as to the point of its location. It matters not whether it was in the third Heaven, in the regions of the air or on the earth. There is no reason to doubt that there was such a place as the terrestrial paradise, which was a type of the Eden of the skies. Adam and Eve were real persons in the image of the Lord, and the innocence of the first estate was emblematical of that purity which exists in heaven. The presence of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden was a supreme moment. His plan was to corrupt man, deprive him of innocence and the favor of God, and cause him to disobey the commands of the Lord.

The fatal tree was the incentive. This was his mission to the Earth. How long he remained in the garden we do not know, but we know that he succeeded too well in corrupting man. He tempted Eve and Adam. They fell, and lost their innocence. Lucifer's mission was fulfilled, and he gloated over his triumph in ruining one of the Lord's fair works. This sin came into the world soon after the creation of man, causing confusion and disorder. With the rebellion, what untold misery, debauchery, slander and bloodshed it caused, and what terrible destruction followed.

Centuries upon centuries afterwards, the Lord Jesus came down into this sinful world to redeem mankind. The plan of the redemption embraced all men in all ages. Lucifer, or Satan, was around again, and tempted him. About the time when the work of redemption was to be finished, jealousy and opposition lurked around him. He was persecuted, ridiculed and crucified. Jesus died. His death was a gradual work, not accomplished at a single blow. But his death was a mighty triumph, and was heralded throughout the universe. The world, the flesh, the devil and all his enemies were overthrown. The song of victory was hymned in eternity. Its lofty notes filled the realms of immensity. The Savior had conquered death and hell. Angels heralded him to glory. He was attended by a splendid procession of Angels attired in white. He entered heaven in grand triumph, which was more glorious than Lucifer's triumph in the garden of Eden.

But behold what great persecution, jealousy, slander and bloodshed has followed the Christians for centuries everywhere. For centuries, Empire after Empire rose and fell through jealousy, opposition, persecution and bloodshed. When the barbarians conquered the empires they picked up information and arts that gradually civilized them. What terrible carnages were carried on in modern times from petty jealousies of opposing rulers and princes. Behold our own fair country deluged in blood from jealousy and opposition of the South against the North, in a civilized age when good sense should have ruled supreme, instead of plunging the country into anarchy, causing so much misery and suffering.

This great evil of jealousy and opposition is not confined to devils and the hearing people only, in all ages from the creation of the universe, but it exists to an alarming extent among the deaf-mutes also. What shuddering assertion? Jealousy, slander, tell-tales, backbiting and all its concomitant evils lurk around in the world, and will never be eradicated until the end of time, when all will be shut up with Lucifer, from whom it began in his contest with Gabriel in heaven. Better if lightning and thunder were brought down to destroy this evil.

When one deaf-mute begins to do well, and comes into favor in the community, there always rises up some jealous persons to oppose him, and try to deprive him of his laurels. This is an abominable evil, and should

be abated. The sooner it is done, the better it will be for the mute community. Several instances are on record, and I will give only a few as proof of my assertion. Prof. P. A. Emery, of Chicago, had to struggle up to his present position through adversity, jealousy and opposition in his effort to establish the Kansas School for deaf-mutes, and in starting the Chicago Day School for mutes; the committee to arrange for the first National Convention of mutes had their opponents through jealousy and malice, yet they accomplished all that was required of them; the projectors of the National Deaf-Mute College had to struggle through opposition to secure its charter; Prof. Logan was compelled, through malice and jealousy, to resign his place at the head of a growing institution; Prof. French, was in a like manner, compelled to leave the Nebraska Institution which he founded; Prof. Willard was deprived of his situation through malice, and debarred future usefulness on a plea of insanity, after founding the Indiana Institution, and witnessed it grow up to its present grand proportions; so has it been with Joe Mount, of the Arkansas School. Many other instances could be related. In every instance, the hearing persons have been put in their places, after they had smoothed their way, Prof. Emery is the only one holding his position against all opposition.

The world hates new ideas. "A new idea, new discoveries or improvements have ever met with the most determined opposition; the world opposes what it does not understand," so says Lord Bacon. Prof. Morse had to surmount the most persistent opposition in introducing his great invention, the telegraph. The immortal Dr. Jenner, who discovered vaccination, was called an impostor, and quack, and was not allowed to practice medicine in London. How many millions now bless and revere his memory. The inventors of the steamboat and locomotive had tremendous opposition, but now their memory and genius are applauded. Columbus met constant opposition for years before he was enabled to carry out his plans, which eventually discovered America. In the dark ages, the art of teaching the deaf and dumb was ridiculed and opposed. Lucretius, the eminent philosopher and poet, expressed the acknowledged opinion of all classes, when he said,

"To instruct the deaf, no art could reach,  
No care improve them and no wisdom teach."

In the fourth century, when St. Augustine commented on the words of the apostle, "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," remarked that deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since he who is born deaf, can neither hear the word nor learn to read it. Now so many schools exist in the world for them, and if Lucretius and Saint Augustine could come back, their wonder would be complete, and say that a miracle indeed has been wrought since their day. Many other instances or examples could be mentioned. Many things that were thought to be impossibilities five centuries back, and even one hundred years ago, are now accomplished facts. Impossibilities are things of the past, and it is only for us to go to work and the material will be found in abundance.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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partment. No resentment may be offered at such treatment—though we doubt not in most cases enough of resentment is felt.

With such a precedent, it is with especial pleasure that we are here afforded an opportunity to record the careful and interested examination made, the kind commendation given, and the intelligent criticism expressed by Dr. Gillett, the Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, while visiting the trades department at the New York Institution last week. If Dr. Gillett could know the pleasure it gave those who are employed in the shops which he visited, to know of the appreciation which he manifested for their humble beginning in the sphere of industry, he would, we are sure, feel more than repayed for the kind consideration which he displayed, and which, to our mind, is characteristic only of a broad and liberal mind and a kindly heart.

## NOTICES.

Deaf-mutes and their friends are invited to attend the Eighth Anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, to be held in St. Thomas Church, corner of Fifth Avenue and 53d St., New York City, on Sunday, February 27th, at 3:30 p.m. On that afternoon, the service for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church will be omitted.

## Worcester Levee.

The members of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union of Worcester, will hold a GRAND LEVEE on the night of the 21st of February next, in the hall of the Reform Club, and will offer the following prizes: A valuable Bible, a silver napkin ring, a good-headed cane, a beautiful workbasket, a handsome box, containing cigars, matches, etc.; a case with brush and comb, a guess cake and two silk handkerchiefs. Those who expect to attend the Grand Levee please write to Wm. H. Green, 59 Grove St., as he has made arrangements with the Railroad Company. Come one! Come all!

C. P. KNIGHT, CHAIRMAN. D. B. HAYES, D. H. MILLER, W. H. GREEN, SECRETARY. Committee of Arrangements.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Is it understood that a goodly number of the mates of Providence, R. I., will attend the Worcester Levee on the 21st.

Miss Maggie Richardson is stopping with Mrs. W. T. Carter, at South Boston. She has been confined to her bed for some time.

A friend of Mrs. Roberts, who moved to Montreal, Canada, last Summer, gets all her stockings knitted at the Catholic Institution there.

The debate given by Miss Rhoda Barnard and Mrs. McAlon, nee Miss Cummings, on the 26th ult., at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, was a good one.

Robert Crawford, from Canada, was in Boston some time ago in quest of employment. At last accounts it is not known whether he has obtained work or not.

Mrs. Maker starts for her home in Swansea, Mass., on Tuesday, the 8th, after six weeks pleasant stay with her old friend, Mrs. Budlong, of Providence.

The Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes, at Beverly, Mass., is supported by charity. Two deaf-mutes are at present collecting subscriptions in its behalf.

It is known from excellent authority that little George Newhall has made several very pleasant calls on his friends in Boston. It is hoped that he will regain his former health.

Mr. Davis, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Thomaston, Conn., called on Mrs. Roberts Sunday. He works in the 8th Thomas clock shop, and intends moving his wife to Thomaston in the Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Burrell have taken to housekeeping in Lynn, Mass. They received pleasant calls from a number of deaf-mutes. Mr. and Mrs. Burrell are active members of St. Paul's Church.

A deaf-mute lady living not 100 miles from the "Hub," was kicked in the breast by a horse, which she was harnessing preparatory to going on a drive. She had a narrow escape from serious internal injuries.

Mrs. P. W. Edmonston, of Cornwall, N. Y., has been patiently waiting in the hope of hearing from her friend Miss Ella Wills, of Syracuse. Will Miss E. W. please send her address to Mrs. E. as soon as she can?

Mr. George W. Davis, of Milton, Mass., is in happy and prosperous circumstances. He used to be engaged in the wool business, and made good wages. It is now understood that he has retired from business.

Henry Tell went to Bedford, Ind., a stranger and represented himself as deaf and dumb. He lived there four years, and then began to talk and hear as well as anybody. He had practiced the deception, he said, in order to learn what people really thought of him by listening to their unguarded comments in his presence.—*Cosack News.*

The New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a few years ago, purchased about seventy five acres of ground within the corporate limits of the village of Tarrytown, and established a branch of the institution there for a primary class, and with the intention of removing the entire institution from this city to that locality at some future day. The village assessors of Tarrytown in 1859 assessed the branch institution at that place to pay a tax upon the property. The officers of the institution protested on the ground that the institution was exempt by law. Justice J. O. Dykman, in Special Term of the Supreme Court of White Plains on Saturday, decided that the entire property was exempt from taxation, and granted an injunction against the village.—*Id.*

J. C. B. Are you the society?—Mr. Why.

Miss Lucy King, of Mississippi, pledges two dollars to the Ladies Seminary.

Wm. H. Prevost, a former pupil of the Illinois school, visited John and Alex. Luecky, in Corning, Ia.

Albion Bates, who was educated at the New York School, is now working as barber in Fontanelle, Iowa.

Alex. Luecky was in Fontanelle visiting his mute friends recently. He expects to work on the Railroad soon.

Mrs. Adam Acheson, of Rosendale, Mass., has been confined to her house, suffering from a swollen arm.

N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., went away on a visit to friends at Northumberland, O., and some other places last week.

Wm. K. Chase, of Florida, left Savannah, Ga., by steamer, on the first of February. His destination is Washington, D. C.

John J. Kennedy, with whom many of the Empire State deaf-mutes are acquainted, is now in Omaha, Neb. He attended the Empire State Association Reunion which was held in Elmira in 1877.

Terrence Feine, the well-known deaf-mute, has opened a News depot on Water street, next door to Throop's market. He deserves a liberal patronage, and we hope he will get it.—*Jamaica Town, Pa., Era.*

You will find all the latest papers, sporting and illustrated, at Terry Feine's, on Water street, Jamaica Town, Pa., also a good supply of song books, etc. Patronize our deaf-mute—he is deserving.—*Greenville, Pa., Progress.*

Aaron Witmeyer, of Lancaster, Pa., a graduate of the deaf and dumb institution at Philadelphia, has been on a visiting tour up country this winter, not far from Catawissa, where he did not stop to see the deaf-mutes as he might.

Two ladies called at the New York Institution last week and asked to see Miss Jennie Boughton. They were much surprised to hear that she was married over a year ago, and is living in Connecticut where her husband, Mr. Ed. C. Ould, is employed.

W. W. Swartz thinks of going on a canvassing tour as soon as warm weather commences. His destination is towards Philadelphia, where he has been educated for a number of years. He is anxious to do something better, and if he succeeds he will take to himself a wife.

An uneducated deaf-mute named Hartman, lives at Shickshinney, Pa., and is a first rate plasterer by trade; he can excel his speaking brother, who is his employer, in workmanship. He is 38 or 40 years of age and intelligent looking. Uneducated deaf-mutes are generally good workmen.

Can any one tell who Miss May Guernsey is? She is going about the country selling alphabet cards. She generally turns up in a place at the same time that J. M. T. Davis, the other well-known as Joseph Mortimer (which is in fact the J. M. of his name) does, and her cards are almost an exact fac-simile of his. She professes to be a mute. Who is she?

On his way from Pittsburgh, the Rev. Job Turner got off at Concord Depot to honor his warm friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Mr. Chamberlayne with a visit, which he enjoyed about three days. Their conversation and treatment gave him great pleasure. Mrs. Chamberlayne was once under his instruction, and passes for a smart speaking lady.

The Rev. Job Turner, after his pleasant visit to Superintendent Walker of the North Carolina Institution, left Spartanburg on Monday morning, the 31st ult., got to Athens after dark the next night, and met with a warm reception from Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Dearing, whose daughter Miss Marion was once in his class at Staunton. He expected to go away in two or three days.

Mr. A. C. Kellom, of Helsinki, N. H., visited some time ago in quest of employment. At last accounts it is not known whether he has obtained work or not.

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There are eight deaf-mutes in Adair County, Ia.

The deaf-mutes are holding the fort at the Georgia Institution.

Frank Worcester, of Amherst, N. H., will spend the winter in Vermont.

Mrs. Van Court of Philadelphia, would like to know Miss Lydia Cummins' address.

Mr. Christian Snyder, of Reading, Pa., is a moulder by trade. He is a good workman.

F. M. Marshall, who left school at Jacksonville some years ago, is now a farmer in Fontanelle, Ia.

Pupils are allowed to receive instruction in the Ohio Institution at between the ages of six and twenty-one years.

The child of Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Pa., will be christened by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet on Sunday next.

Mr. Edwin Williams, lately from Wells, Me., but now a resident of Charlestown, Mass., has joined the Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

When a man says, "I hear a noise," it probably never occurs to him that there is nothing in this wide world that anybody could hear but noise.

WANTED.—A deaf-mute, aged 24, wishes an able trainer for a 6 days race within a year. Address, "P. M. MARSHALL," Cosackville, N. Y., P. O. Box 65.—*Cosackville News.*

M. McFaul has been ill for some time, what was once the famous 100-yard sprinter is now a weak and enfeebled man. We hope he will soon be strong again.

The Boston Mutes enjoyed the lecture on the subject connected with the custom of selling slaves in Turkey, given by Mrs. Lynde, last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Rollin Wells, of San Francisco, Cal., had a large gathering at his home on New Year's day. R. D. Livingstone was present. His deaf-mute friends hope to see him again.

James Darnell, of Winterset, Ia., is doing well. He was formerly a pupil of the Illinois Institution. It is thought that he is the richest deaf-mute in the State. He is an old bachelor.

A young lawyer in Indiana, borrowed a ring from a young lady on whom he pretended to dote, and pawned the jewel for \$1.75 to raise funds to take another lady to see a "Humpty Dumpty" show.

John J. Thompson is learning to be a harness-maker at Corning, Ia. He wants to know if there are any deaf-mutes in New York working at his trade. John's grand-mother is the oldest lady in Adams Co., Ia. She is 64 years old.

The father of George A. Morgan, who was a pupil at the New York Institution and afterwards at the Rochester Institution was instantly killed on the 2d of this month by a tree falling on him. The deceased leaves a wife and several children.

The Boston Herald of the 3d inst., says, Mr. David White, a deaf-mute 58 years old, who has been for some time past engaged in collecting funds in Boston and elsewhere, in aid of a deaf and dumb association, was stricken with paralysis in the Crawford House yesterday and a fatal result is feared. [Later accounts say that he died.—*Ed.*]

Miss Leedom, of Philadelphia, Penn., has been staying with Mrs. Washington Houston in Frankford, Philadelphia. We understand that she was much pleased with her visit. Miss Leedom is a very pleasant and industrious lady, and is well known in Philadelphia, and much respected. She is a seamstress, and has worked long and steadily at her business.

Edward Duran and Frank E. Skillin are working in the table manufactory in East Boston, where Duran has worked nearly six years, and Skillin nearly four years, because they are more skillful workmen than any deaf-mutes in Boston. They have decided to attend the Worcester, Mass., levee, which takes place on the 21st inst., as they hope they will have a very enjoyable time.

Mrs. Mary Wall, a beautiful mute widow, who was educated at Indianapolis, is now in San Francisco. She has a handsome speaking daughter and son. Her son is doing well in the oyster business in Denver, Col., while her daughter is employed in the Palace Hotel. Mr. Cooke, a mute hunter, boards with Mrs. Wall. They send their respect to Mr. Atkinson and wife, of Indiana.

While at the house of Mr. Rollin Wells, last November, Mr. R. D. Livingstone had the pleasure of participating in a social gathering, at which were present: Messrs. D. Estrella, a promising young artist; A. C. Doe, the champion deaf-mute letter distributor; John M. Hahn, a fat and witty German; Hyman Bauman, a Prussian, and many handsome ladies. The party broke up at midnight.

Mr. G. W. Gamage, a teacher in the New York Institution, had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious if not fatal accident, Saturday evening last. He was returning from Jersey City, and on crossing West Street, on the New York side, he was run down by a team of horses. He was hurled to the ground, but managed to regain his feet and limp to a place of safety. The results are painful, but beyond the pain, a few bruises and inconvenience in getting around, no harm has been done.

"Little Rep." informs us that the pupils of the Philadelphia school were considerably frightened by a fire which occurred, but one block distant from the institution, on Monday, January 31st. The Beth-Edem Baptist Church and Horticultural Hall were burned; several private residences were badly damaged. Among those damaged was the residence of the uncle of Superintendent Cadbury. The pupils helped to remove articles of value and furniture, which were placed in the office of the Institution.

"Judge De Coursey" writing about the proposed Female Seminary says: "Miss Fuller seems to be left alone, like a solitary oak tree in a vast plain, weather beaten, scarred and torn of every limb, to act her part as bravely as she can. Many cast their eyes at this lonely tree with pity, not scorn, while a few offer her crumbs of comfort, encouragement and solace. Will all the ladies decline to act with Miss F. in her noble undertaking? I am sorry to see this backwardness in the females in whom she takes such great interest, and for whose benefit she is laboring. Let fifty ladies send their names for her assuring among those present, were Prof. Rogers and his wife, Robert P. Rogers and his daughter, Clara; Prof. Houghton and wife and Miss Ellen Rogers. Mr. Robert P. Rogers is a graduate of the American Asylum. His wife is absent on a visit to her married daughter. Prof. and Mrs. Rogers are both getting along nicely. Prof. Houghton is now building a new house for his own use. On Monday afternoon, he left for Alabama, Ga. He was still in a good condition for the rest of his long journey.

Miss Belle Porter, of Wrentham, Mass., is at present engaged sketching likenesses of her dear grand parents. Judging from her good education and personal attractions she must be doing well in her practice of art.

Henry H. Chapman, of Salem, Mass., who was once connected with the National Deaf-Mute College has obtained employment in an architect's office in Lynn. It is claimed that he is doing well in that line, and is receiving good wages.

Josiah Quincy is the guest of Mr. C. F. Folsom in West Waterville, Me. He met him with great pleasure. He visited the scythe and axe manufactory. It was worth seeing. He is still canvassing in Maine. He will be on his way to Boston, before long.

Mr. O. P. Woolever, of Watertown, N. Y., is employed in the Moulding Mill in Naugatuck, Conn. He is reported to be a professional walker, having walked twenty-five miles against time on several occasions. It is not known if he has won any wages.

John Paul, a pupil of the Hartford School, is at present employed in the printing office of the Quincy (Mass.) Patriot. In the western part of that town may be found several deaf-mutes of foreign extraction, employed in the stone quarries for which the town of Quincy is noted.

Mrs. Preston, sister to the late Mr. D. White, is in Boston. She attended the sermon delivered by Mr. William Lynde, Sunday forenoon. She was summoned from her home, in Buffalo to the bedside of her dying brother. She is now the guest of Mr. Geo. Holmes, where she will remain about two weeks.

Mrs. Wm. F. Genet, formerly of Harlem, seems to be enjoying winter in the country. She is often trusted to sleigh rides by her friends and neighbors, and enjoys them immensely. She sprained her ankle this winter, and was laid up for two weeks, but is now better.

Last week, Miss Katie O'Donnell, of Yonkers, paid Mrs. Roberts a visit. Katie was a school-mate of Mrs. R. for six years, and lived formerly in Stonington, Conn., four years ago, moved to Yonkers. She helps her sister, who is a dress-maker, and is quite expert with her needle.

The Boston Champion Pedestrian wants to know the result of the proposed 100 yard race between C. Lawton and M. McFaul. Nov. 27th. Please let him know through the JOURNAL. [We are sorry to inform him that no race took place. Mr. McFaul having been taken seriously ill.—*Ed.*]

Mrs. Peter W. Edmonston's (nee Miss MacCormick) of Cornwall, N. Y., grand-father was 115 years of age at the time of his death 14 or 15 years ago. He died in New Windsor, while Mrs. E. was a pupil in the New York Institution. Mrs. E. said that she was very proud of her noted grandfather's old age.

Your correspondent was the happy recipient of a book of some three hundred pages, called "King's Hand Book of Boston." It was a gift from the well-known printer, Rand, Avery & Co. Said book is embellished with numerous engravings, in connection with the history of the historic Boston.

On the morning of January 29th, Messrs. Harry Reed, of Wisconsin, and William Brookline, of Pennsylvania, both students of the National Deaf-Mute College, started for Mount Vernon, Va. Their journey was made on skates on the Potomac River. They returned on the evening of the same day, and reported having a good time.

Mr. Joseph A. Goldman, of Middletown, O., (well known among the deaf-mutes of N. Y.) is now learning the branches of art at the School of Design in Cincinnati. He introduced T. A. Gillespie, Esq., (advocate agent for Mills Bernhard Art Exhibition) to Rev. A. W. Mann and Mr. Barrick. Being fortunate in receiving a complimentary ticket from the famous Bernhard, he attended at Pike's Opera House last Thursday.

Mr. E. W. Friebus writes:—"There seems to be no doubt but what Mat. W. Maker, of Waterville, Conn., had a habet when a boy. As Mr. Krane 'the Big Giant' thinks he far exceeds 'Tom Pepper,' the task to which he challenges others to meet him in, is beyond human endurance. Watches now in the market bearing the name of his town, have a very long chain and main spring and Krane thinks his (Maker's) tongue proportionally long."

A party of twenty-seven young people met at the house of Mr. C. H. Carruth, 486 Warren St., Boston, last Monday evening, and there took the commodious large "Gipsy" with six horses for a sleigh ride to South Braintree. The night was lovely, the sleighing superb and the party a decidedly merry one. Songs and fish-horn solos were freely indulged in. At South Braintree the party was warmly welcomed by Mr. Charles Pratt, and a happy time was spent in games, and music by Mr. Romi Smith and Miss Grace Kelly. At 12 1/2 o'clock a collation was served. The homeward trip was rather a quiet one with tableaux of bundles of shawls and robes. Home was reached in season for early breakfast. Mr. Pratt is Miss Louise Pratt's father.

A Worcester correspondent writes: "Perhaps somebody in Boston has written something about Mr. David White's death. I will add about him. The remains were brought to Worcester from Boston by his sister, Mrs. Preston, and Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, who had them carried to the tomb last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Holmes and Mrs. Preston then returned to Boston. Mrs. White's first wife's folks heard of it and they ordered the remains to be taken out of the tomb and brought to Mrs. Denny's house the next day (Sunday), and Rev. Mr. Merriman of the Central Church (Cong.) performed the service for the family and friends, Mr. J. O. Sanger officiating for the mutes and his folks went to a funeral and the remains were again put in the tomb. His folks wished Mrs. Preston would have staid here till then, but it was too late. The casket was covered with a lot of wreaths including callias."

A Pleasant Surprise Party in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson, an intelligent and accomplished lady (a sister of Alex. Gordon, Esq.) was agreeably surprised by a large number of ladies and gentlemen at their residence on Park street last Saturday evening, Jan. 29 (being the anniversary of her birthday). A delightful evening was spent in various amusements and an elegant repast was heartily relished by



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Wintry Pastimes.

QUESTIONS OF INTEREST.

Celibacy vs. Married Life.

OTHER TOPICS.

From our Washington Correspondent.

A somewhat ludicrous spectacle was witnessed Tuesday morning, upon the assemblage of the students in the dining hall. Throughout the previous night there had been a severe frost, and upon awakening in the morning, the students found their water pails a mass of ice. No amount of pounding would restore the ice to its liquid state, and breakfast hour, having arrived, the tables were surrounded by groups of shivering mortals with hair sticking up in all imaginable shapes. One young fellow, who had made his way to the bath room, was surprised to find his head covered with snow flakes, after a plunge into a bath tub. These slight annoyances, resulting from the severity of the season, are borne good naturedly; for though sharp and biting in its temper, cold weather has redeeming traits. The storm which brings it is not without its charms, and in the present instance, the cold snap brought snow and good congealing for a time at least. To make the sport doubly sure, a bucket brigade have watered the newly falling bills, and with the aid of the frost, a hard and glossy surface has been made for our "bobs" and "rippers" to glide over. Good fortune has attended our recreation thus far, as we can record no instance of serious mishap occurring to mar our wintry pastime.

During the week, Prof. Porter has been employed in the observation of PROULIAR PHENOMENA in relation to the nervous system of deaf and semi-mutes. His object is to obtain answers to a series of questions proposed by Dr. Williams, of Harvard University, relating to subjects familiar to most deaf-mutes. Dr. Williams is Professor of Physiology in the College above mentioned, and in asking Prof. Porter for information upon the questions branched, he has doubtless some interesting object in view. The questions to which answers are requested are six in number, and are as follows:

1. Are many deaf persons incapable of becoming dizzy by swift rotation, even if the head be inclined on the shoulder or bent forward, then raised when the rotation is completed?

2. Do many stagger or reel in walking, or follow a zig-zag course?

3. Do they sway from side to side when made to stand still with closed eyes?

4. Have they more difficulty than most people in walking on a rail or fence?

5. Are they poor riders on horse-back?

6. Are all the phenomena aggravated after dark or by closing the eyes?

In the replies to some of these questions, Prof. Porter has come across several new facts. He finds that semi-mutes, as a rule, do not become dizzy by swift rotation, while deaf-mutes universally do. On the other hand, semi-mutes stagger more or less in walking, while deaf-mutes rarely ever are troubled in that way. We believe something akin to this subject has been discussed in the JOURNAL, and should Dr. Williams arrive at any definite conclusions, they will be of much interest to our class.

Last Friday evening's meeting of the Literary Society brought out an extremely novel programme, and one that was well carried out. The exercises opened with a lecture by Prof. Hotchkiss, on "Richard Brimley Sheridan, the Orator and Dramatist." Those who are acquainted with the Professor's well known style of delivery of such subjects, can imagine the interest he awakened.

Commencing his theme with the Orator's school days, the lecturer went on to describe his early life at Bath, and the romantic character of his marriage. His career as a dramatist was next sketched in a masterly manner, and finally his brilliant oratorical bowers as a member of Parliament, were discussed. Much interest was felt in the numerous anecdotes of Sheridan's eccentric character, which were recounted in a most fascinating manner.

A vote of thanks having been tendered the lecturer, a discussion on "Resolved, That celibacy is preferable to married life," opened. For the Affirmative Messrs. Saxton, '82, and Morrow, '85 appeared, while Messrs. Griffin, '83 and Hasenstab, '85 championed the Negative. To attempt a

just criticism of the debate would be a somewhat difficult affair. We can, however, say without being far wrong, that it was a regular old fashioned display of argumentum ad hominem. The ludicrous elements of the contending pleas so outnumbered all other considerations that it was difficult for the audience to keep their mirth under proper restraint. Of course a final decision was reached, and this favored the Affirmative side, though we are not quite sure if the parties who represented the Affirmative believed in the reason they advanced in favor of "single blessedness." A very pleasing dialogue between Messrs. Larson, '82, and Cloud, '85, was enacted in a fine style and the programme closed with a declamation, "Enoch Arden" by Mr. Haas, '84.

As a sort of Epilogue, the critic went in for his share of the fun and kept the audience in a state of merriment for fully half an hour. This is something new, but then novelty is always welcome except when it bores.

We have occasion, in this letter, to say a few words in reply to "Commentator's" criticism. We do not care what the subject of his first article might have been, nor does his calling our attention to it alter our opinions of his object in speaking of the college and its graduates. He did not go about it as a man should, and say it openly, but must use a variety of terms to set forth his views, and these terms indirectly prove the college a failure. Let us ask him if a college can be a success that sends forth graduates "most" of whom are what he represents them to be?

The names which we presented to him are returned, with the questionable compliment that they enjoy fame only in "mutish affairs." Very well, he did not tell us what significance he gave to his term "distinguished," and his second reply serves our purpose. It shows our graduates are distinguished in "mutish affairs," and it is his own answer to his desire to be shown graduates who labor disinterestedly for the cause of the deaf and dumb. However, we would correct his assertion that "five non-college gentlemen" wrote and delivered papers at the National Convention. We attended all the sittings of that, and witnessed but three non-college gentlemen read papers they had written. If their "mutish affairs" are to be out of the question in considering the term "distinguished," Mr. Booth's fame rests solely upon his being an editor of a paper that does not treat of mutish affairs. Our case then is to present the name of a college graduate who holds a like position, and consequently is equal in fame to Mr. Booth. If that is so we present the name of Mr. W. L. Hill, '72, editor of the *Albion Transcript*.

Again, Mr. Emery's fame rests on his degrees, and his literary works, and while not desiring to express our opinion, we must say that these matters are being keenly criticised by the *Silent World*. It is now left for us to show some poets who are the equals of "Howard Glyndon" and Angie Fuller. We believe we could do so, but as a gentleman better acquainted with the subject is shortly to publish an article on "Deaf-Mute Poetry," we prefer to let that question rest for a while. If "Commentator" will wait, he will find that the College has given some poets to the world, equal to those he mentions.

Finally, we present the name of Mr. J. G. Parkinson, '69, as a distinguished mute—a lawyer of unexceptional ability, and the only one following that profession that we know of.

Dancing classes are being formed.

Mrs. Budd has fully recovered her health.

The Lit. will hold its next meeting on the 18th.

The holiday season is on its way, February 22d, March 4th, and then Easter week. A pretty nice prospect.

We would call the attention of deaf-mutes to the "Royal Path of Life," as a work embracing remarkably charming and popular subjects.

The articles are written by the best authors and the language is admirably beautiful and simple. Charles Kerney of our College acts as an agent for the sale of the work, and circulars containing the best recommendations from Drs. E. M. Gallaudet and Chapin may be had on application.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 5, 1881.

The Girls' Seminary.

DEAR SIR:—I have read in the JOURNAL a good deal on the subject of a ladies seminary and would like to express a few thoughts that have occurred to me on the subject. I quite approve of Miss Angie Fuller's good ideas and influence for ladies higher education. Sincerely I hope that she will succeed in her most worthy plans. I think girls should be thoroughly educated, and a higher seminary would do much to accomplish the desired end. Girls should be ambitious and get all the education they can obtain, though they should always consider their health of primary importance. The sources of knowledge and manners are more precious than the follies of life, and good books are the best means for acquiring knowledge. Many novels so called, are harmful, but there are some of the higher class well worth reading, and they often suggest themes for thought and study. I think now of a book called the *Voyage of Life*, which every one ought to read. Also another, "How to be a gentleman or a lady" which was useful to me in my school days. Education is the best help to perfect behavior in society and home, and I hope a

Ladies Seminary will be established that will make the girls better members of society everywhere, and will teach them to read and talk only what sensible, good, high-minded women should.

Begging your indulgence for the liberty I have taken,

I remain yours truly,

PEARL.

Feb. 4, 1881.

COLUMBUS.

THE WEATHER DISCUSSED—AND A DEARTH OF NEWS LAMENTED—TIDINGS FROM SUPT. PERRY—PLAYING THE DEAF-MUTE DODGE TO OBTAIN MONEY—THE USUAL BUDGET OF PERSONAL MATTERS.

We had come to the conclusion that winter was about over when, lo! on Monday afternoon, our calculations were knocked endwise by the setting in of a regular old snow storm which continued throughout the night, so that by next morning mother earth was encumtered with "The Beautiful" to the depth of a foot or more. It was about the heaviest fall of snow at one time we have had out here this winter. To make matters still worse, the traditional ground hog hid himself out from his secluded place on Wednesday, saw his shadow and went back, giving us to understand that we were to be pestered with six more weeks of winter according to his prophecy. This is terrible news to a long suffering community that had anticipated better things in store for them to be thus summarily dealt with, when already the present winter has been unusually prolonged and severe. But it will have to be endured, so we might as well make up our minds and make the best of it.

Slads board and other contrivances which "Young America" can bring into use when occasion requires have again been brought from their hiding place and brought into action on the hills surrounding the institution and there are strong indications that they will be kept in continual service for some time yet to come.

Since the examination and promotions attending them, and the new term entered upon, things have quieted down somewhat, and there is scarcely anything occurring worth putting down on paper. About the school, if matters continue on this way we fear we shall soon be minus our occupation, or be compelled to draw upon our imagination for news.

Occasionally tidings have been received from Supt. and Mrs. Perry, since their departure. When last heard from they were at Memphis, and expected to reach New Orleans to-day. Their journey thus far has been somewhat tedious, owing to the many delays the steamer has met with caused by ice in the river. Mr. Perry is reported as rapidly gaining in health.

Happening to be in a store yesterday, we chanced to pick up a card containing the deaf-mute alphabet, and at the margin was printed "PRICE, 5 CENTS A CARD," and on the opposite side it contained the clever information, of course just for the sake of taking "green ones" in:

"As you would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

"LOVE AND HELP ONE ANOTHER."

"God gives man many languages to understand. God is love. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God."

"The deaf and dumb alphabet, single hand, used by deaf-mutes, is offered to the public, for the amusement and convenience of those who wish to speak with the HAND and HEAR with the EYE. The hands perform the part of the tongue. My circumstances are such that I respectfully solicit your patronage."

"Price 5 cents a card."

"Change promptly returned."

"Very truly yours."

"THOMAS S. WALLACE, deaf-mute."

We know of no deaf-mute about here or one who has been here lately going under such a name. The card was evidently gotten up and peddled about by some hearing fellow who was too lazy to earn an honest living, and endeavored to eke one out by playing off deaf and dumb, and thus receive the sympathy and nickles of those charitably inclined. We made inquiry at the store as to who had left it and were informed that it was a woman, who was no doubt a partner of Wallace in the business.

The orderlies for February, as chosen by the respective classes, are Messrs. Vance and Clements and Misses Sawbill and White. Mr. Wm. C. Clark carries Uncle Sam's mail.

Mr. Schild looks after the chapel and Mr. Robinson commands the B study with the rank of monitor.

There was another surprise party last Wednesday evening, those thus honored being Mr. and Mrs. C. Pier.

The guests were, mostly resident deaf-mutes of the city, who had brought along well filled baskets of good things in the eating line, and which, it is hardly necessary to state, satisfied the appetites of those present.

The party was kept up until the wee sma' hours of morning, all having enjoyed a good time.

Mr. David Mc Masters, whom we some time ago mentioned as having moved to Nelsonville, has tired of that place and returned to his first love—Chillicothe.

According to the *Chronicle*, Samuel W. Corbet, of Bellaire, a former pupil here, has thrown up his work as a lake maker, and intends to go to Plainsville, Michigan, where he proposes to engage in the manufacture of paper.

The other night, a woman by the

name of Smith, having taken too much of the "ardent," wandered into the kitchen of the Institution to sleep off its effects. Later in the night she was found by the watchman almost frozen to death.

The pupils of the Institution were invited to witness an exhibition of roller skating in the City Hall this afternoon by the manager having it in charge. Quite a number of the older pupils availed themselves of the opportunity.

COLUMBUS.

2-5-81.

Half blows Mignonettes.

An entertainment consisting of tableaux, acting charades, and "comedies" will shortly be given in our Chapel. "His sisters, his cousins and his aunts," a selection from H. M. S. Pinafore, and the "Bachelor's Dream" are now being rehearsed. Programme and full particulars anon.

Here's a health to the "Bob" of the Wolverine wilds!

Long may you live,

Live a good life,

Be a good husband,

And just less your wife.

Will Hinkle and Charles Underwood, of the First class and Howard Kramer, of the Junior class, have been suspended.

"Rustons" had the graciousness to inform us in a late issue that we did not spell "sell" correctly. Well, what if we did and didn't? We're afraid he failed to see the point any how.

Mr. Bierhaus and Miss Shroyer attended the banquet given by the Business College the other evening. They report partners plenty, wall flowers few, lots of nice flirtations 'neath the light of a chandelier.

Will not some one send us a poem called "The last redoubt" or an incident of the Turko-Russian war. We believe it was published in the magazines a year or two ago.

Mr. "Why" seems to know other people's business better than he does his own.

We're too well bred to squabble here;

Or snail-bait to render;

But you may wither soon my dear

Although so young and tender.

The Reverend Mr. Potts, of Mattoon, Ill., was too hard on Miss Angie.

It most broke our heart to read about the banquet in honor of Dr. Gallaudet. We know it was just too nice, too stylish and too splendid.

"A charming company; yes, 'tis true

Was here and their collected.

Gay bachelors—a hopeful crew,

And bony brides so unaffected."

It strikes us as being quite possible that Charles E. S. Tyrell is the *nom de plume* of "W. U. & Co." Right 'aint we? Curious, did you say we were? Well, yes, we are. It makes us mad to see one always changing plumes. Borrowed feathers never fit well and it is decidedly overdoing the old proverb, "A new broom sweeps clean."

Why don't you write oftener, "Bella L." We—that is all of us—are always pleased to see you in print. Now won't you treat us real often, or "Come ma belle, and in the silence and the shadow wrap apart."

I will loose the golden clasps of this sacred

toe—the heart,

By the bolts of yonder cedar under branches

spread the leaves.

We will sit where wandering sunshine weaves

romance among the leaves.

There by gentle airs of story, shall our dreamy

minds be stayed,

And our spirits hark vibrating like the sunshine

with the shade.

Trustees Finchback, Cravens and James were re-elected recently.

The sanitary condition of the Institution still remains partly good, notwithstanding the wintry weather. Thus far there have been no deaths.

Mr. Hawk, of Elkhardt, paid the Institution a flying visit last week. Come again and stay a wee bit longer.

John G. Saxe, the witty poet, thus advises:

"In going to parties just mind what you're at,

Beware of your head and take care of your hat,

Least you find that a favorite son of your mother

Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other."

MIGNON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Michigan Squibs and Gossips.

Again we are glad to see you.

Heavy fall of snow and severe cold here.

We are delighted to see Mr. Geo. E. Morton, our old classmate, has become the Detroit correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The most elaborate wedding ever celebrated in Michigan, occurred Wednesday, January 26th, at Ithaca, and was attended by a good many people.

The contracting parties were Mr. William Lewis, of Osageo, Allegany Co., and Miss Cora Potter, of Ithaca.

Rev. A. W. Mann, the distinguished deaf-mute minister, performed the marriage service. Miss Cora Potter was considered one of the prettiest young ladies in Michigan. Her husband should be proud in the possession of the fair one. They graduated at the Flint school two years ago at the same time. After the ceremony, they went to Detroit, where the mutes prepared to congratulate them.

At this writing, the happy couple are on a 40 acre farm, which was given to the husband by his father. Happiness and great joy on earth to them is the wishes of Collins. Who next?

Mr. A. L. Aldrich's term of office as resident trustee of the Flint school, expires next month. He did not want to resign; but Governor Jerome appointed Dr. J. C. Wilson, of this city, in spite of his favors and remembrance to the Governor, and every one here and even in Michigan is generally satisfied. It is earnestly hoped that Dr. Wilson will have a deep interest in mute education.

Messrs. James Sullivan and Harry L. Zimmerman are going to subscribe for the JOURNAL. Will the others in Michigan follow their good example?

There is only one mute lady teacher in the Flint school—Miss Maggie T. Bennett.

Again we are in receipt of the *Deaf-Mute Hawkeye* from Prof. James Simpson, for which he will please accept our thanks. It is a neatly printed and ably edited paper of which the State of Iowa may justly feel proud. Prof. F. W. Booth, the son of our brother veteran editor, E. Booth, of the *Anamosa Eureka*, is the experienced editor, and he can clearly understand how to be useful to the mutes of Iowa.

The *Silent World*, of January 1st, contained a portrait of Miss Angie Fuller, the remarkable deaf-mute writer of poetry, etc. Why don't Miss "Mignon" furnish her portrait to be put in the JOURNAL?

We learned from the JOURNAL about the enjoyable birthday surprise party Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ranspach had.

Many mutes in Michigan are anxious to read the JOURNAL on account of containing Michigan correspondence from different parties.

Mr. John C. Ewen is, we believe, the only experienced deaf-mute miller in Michigan. He lives in Maple Rapids, and is doing very nicely. This leads us to believe that he will be in business for himself at some day.

COL. CHAS. C.—Y.

FLINT, MICH. JAN. 3, 1881.

A Minnesotan's birds-eye views.

"MR. WHY" AND "COMMENTATOR."

Firstly, let us consider the possibility and necessity of a female college equal to the National College.

How many persons think it possible for a female college to be a success? Perhaps there are very few who agree with Miss McComb, and I am among the few. A full knowledge of cooking, house-keeping, etc., is worth more to a deaf-mute lady than all the languages, trigonometry, etc., to be learned at a college.

How many deaf-mute ladies think it necessary for them to pursue a higher education than a seminary affords? Very few ladies have expressed their views through the columns of the JOURNAL, and if these are all who expect to get a college education, why, all they have to do is to walk into the capitol and ask Congress to erect a 12 by 15 frame building, which will be large enough, and perhaps too large, for a schoolroom, dormitory, and dining-room, and besides it would hold all the "featherly hard" books and twice the number of ladies who have asked for a college.

But, before they go to work, I would advise them to be sure they have somebody who will ask their hand as soon as they are half through algebra. The desire to enter the matrimonial circle would attract more ladies there than the desire for knowledge, I fear.

If there is a mute lady in the United States who could enter college and arrive at the Junior class and say "No, thank you," to a proposition, or remain there in spite of a mother's calls to come and help her, as she is "getting old," I will take the contract for erecting that frame building and charge nothing.

I wish all the readers of the JOURNAL, especially the ladies, to understand that I am not against an institution where ladies can obtain a higher education, provided the government grant can be used to an advantage, but I think it could not. I am of the opinion that if a college for mute ladies was erected, a primary department would be necessary. During the time I have been among the deaf and dumb, I have noticed several semi-mute ladies express a desire to enter a college and know only one of them to be able to do so. And even she is of the opinion, like myself, that a seminary education is sufficient for any mute lady in existence. She, perhaps, referring to the fact that in a college, mute female graduates would be rare birds. In this case, of what earthly use would a Senior class be? Again, all the knowledge a college could stuff into most, not all, deaf-mute ladies would disappear as flour through a sieve. This is undoubtedly the case with some male mutes, I must admit, but they feel the responsibility which their future throws up on them more than fair ones.

Before closing this subject, I would earnestly entreat "Mignon" and other ladies not to fly into a passion and declare their intention of taking the broom over me, as it will do no good, and I live too near the North-pole for them to venture near without having to use snow and kerosene oil to take the frost out of their toes. Now, as I have discussed the subject, I respectfully invite an answer from the other side, but, before any one answers, let him convince himself that I bear no prejudice against anybody, and have expressed objections to a college only and warmly recommend a seminary.

Secondly, accept my hand, "Mr. Why." Here is a slap on the back for you. Pitch in for "Commentator," and give him all the grammar he can understand. He said in answer to "Lester Montrose" that he was not speaking against the National College, but against "most of its graduates." He cannot speak of the graduates of a college without speaking likewise of the college itself, for graduates establish the reputation. Hence that excuse of his is simply a "crow-bait," and "Lester Montrose" and "Mr. Why" are justified in defending the college of which they are members.

REXVILLE.

Visit to Tarrytown.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have been reading your valuable paper for deaf-mutes and think it a great pleasure.

I have just returned home from New York having been on a visit for more than two months, and while there I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. M. Leary, a very dear and esteemed classmate of mine, who I had not seen since I left the Fanwood Institution, in 1870. She lives in Tarrytown, one of the most picturesque and beautiful villages situated on the Hudson River. Mr. and Mrs. Leary have a pleasant home, and are very comfortable and happy, and I shall always remember my visit as one of my greatest pleasures, and shall look forward to the time when I shall again have the pleasure of seeing them. They have a little daughter. I hope she will grow up to be a comfort to them. I also had the pleasure of seeing her sister, Miss Sarah Gregg, an intelligent deaf-mute. She is on a visit, and will stay with her until next July. I went to see the new school in company with Miss Gregg. It is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, and on looking from the window, I had a beautiful view of the Palisades. We were shown through the Institution by Mr. Van Tassel, every thing presented the appearance of good order and comfort. There are only two classes of little boys (all the little girls being at the Fanwood Institution) one taught by Mr. Van Tassel and the other by Miss Rice. They all look bright and healthy fellows, and seem quite happy and contented with the home that has been prepared by kind and thoughtful friends. As I stood watching them saying the Lord's Prayer after the teacher, I thought of my own school days, an experience which we all have passed through. School over, they all said good bye to me; each one holding up their little faces for a kiss. Then all went coasting, and I took much pleasure in watching their bright and happy countenances and thought how good our Heavenly Father is in caring for those whom he has deprived of hearing. I hope that every one will have the privilege of so good an opportunity to get an education. We spent the evening with Mrs. Van Tassel, formerly Miss C. Lyon. Some of the readers of the JOURNAL will, I think, remember her as their classmate. We had a very pleasant time with her. She has a very comfortable home, and looks the picture of health and happiness, and has three dear little children. We had a beautiful walk by moonlight and reached home very much pleased with our visit. EMELINE G. JENNINGS.

MONTGOMERY, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1881.

Forty-Fourth Street Institution.

The "S. L. N." had a debate recently on the subject, "Who is more suitable for a teacher, a male or a female?" Those on the male side won. Sorry, ladies, but we could not help it.

Pamphlets containing the speeches, etc., delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of our new Institution have been printed, and are now distributed among the friends of the Institution. Our Institution is in a prosperous condition. It is growing greater every day, and the parents of deaf-mutes from different parts of the Union are earnestly seeking admission for their children. What a blessing, then, is articulation. Despite the strenuous efforts of enemies to crush it, it has passed through fire and water, and its usefulness is now being recognized. Many a deaf-mute who has entered this Institution has left it with his speech almost entirely restored. How do the parents of deaf-mute children feel when they hear their children, who have never spoken before, do so now? The mother weeps, and the father is moved. What then is articulation to the deaf-mute? Does it not seem to be the greatest boon of his life to have his speech restored? This is wonderful, and what is more, it seems that some of mankind have been inspired by God to teach articulation, that His words, "The tongue of the dumb shall sing," may be verified in this world, as well as in the world to come.

There are some who accuse us of comparing mutes with beasts, etc., when not a word of what they say is true. They persist in calling us talking birds. Is not this a great shame on their part? If we should really compare them to the beasts they would make a big fuss about it, and say it is unchristian like. In this case the deaf and dumb think themselves the aggressed party, when they are the aggressors by their calling us parrots. Shame on those who do so.

ARCHIEDES.

2-5-81.

A DENIAL.

My attention was called to an article in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of December 2d 1880. I will answer it for the deaf-mute friends, of Pittsburgh. I do not remember that they have ever shown jealousy or personal prejudice toward Hieronymus or his friends when there were subscriptions asked for the aid of the Clero Monument Fund, and therefore I denounce this charge as uncalculated and false. I do not remember if any one of his friends has ever asked us why we did not help with the Fund when some of us visited Philadelphia. On the contrary, certain friends of yours gave us the cold shoulder. The most of us could not afford a large sum of money and a few of us did not give anything for many good reasons.

Mr. A. Woodside was proposed

for agent by the President of the Clero Monument Fund. He should have written his refusal to the agent, but he chose to be silent. He has talked to several mutes of Pennsylvania. He found out that many mutes were much interested in it. He will call for a meeting on the 12th of this month, to decide what they will do towards the State convention. I hope they will meet with success in making up a local committee for Pittsburgh and vicinity, as there are many educated mutes living in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Yours, etc.,

A BOISFLANC.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 4, 1881.

Buffalo Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow me a little space to make a few remarks in your valuable and worthy paper referring to the progress of our Brethren who were from "Dear Fanwood." We will always speak of her highly, and will always remember with gratitude what she has done for us. Education is a great blessing to all, but an especial one to us who cannot hear or speak. Since Fanwood opened last fall, my thoughts have often wandered to her, and I have often thought of returning to school.

Dear Classmates (High Class) and Schoolmates I am very sorry to give you information that I have decided to take honorable leave of our *Alma Mater*, but will continue to study at home the same as if at school.

A very pleasant and successful surprise celebration in honor of the birthday of Mr. Paul S. Girardin, came off at his residence on the evening of the 25th ult. A large party met at the residence of Mrs. R. C. Siegfried, No. 382 Elliot St., in the evening, and marched down to the place above stated. Previously, Mr. Girardin was enticed away from home by a friend of his, and on his return, perceiving the party entering the house, was very much surprised. Then he was borne into his residence, and the party rushed forward to congratulate him. These goodly number of his friends and relatives were brilliantly entertained, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves very much. The tables were bountifully laden with refreshments, of which the whole company partook. The entertainment broke



Dedicated to "Mr. Spy" by Hieronymus.  
"How hints like spawn scarce quick in embryo lie."  
How news when scarce makes the Dickens to supply  
What is only spun in the head of "Mr. Spy."  
"How new-born nonsense is taught at first to cry."  
And round the not-bourhood with, O my!  
If not murder, isn't it something night  
The gallows?—Well, vicious matrimonial  
Oh, what a chain for human hearts to bind,  
To pluck out the ire and hair of mankind!  
But behold this diff'rence, what a chain—  
Instead of links, 'twas but a skin  
Of nonsense spun by a cracked brain!

THREE WIVES AT ONCE.  
Wife No. 2, A Semi-Mute.

OSCAR E. PERRIGO'S EXTRAORDINARY MATRIMONIAL ENTERPRISES AIDED IN COURT—TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW APPEAR TO TORMENT HIM, WHILE NO. 1 WRITES THE STORY OF HER WRONGS.  
(From the New York Herald.)

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 3, 1881.—The great interest in the case of Oscar E. Perrigo, the bigamist, or the trigamist, as he is called here, having married three wives, was revived on Tuesday evening by the arrival of Mrs. Flagg from Boston, one of his numerous mothers-in-law. This lady is the mother of Mrs. Perrigo No. 2. Her presence soon became known here, and it is more than probable that Perrigo and his friends were cognizant of it. Perrigo had been admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000 to appear to-day, but Police Justice Richardson, taking into consideration the presence of such a formidable witness as Mrs. Flagg, and apprehending that that amount was hardly sufficient to restrain a man with a felon's cell staring him in the face from "skipping" the town, issued a warrant on Tuesday evening for his arrest and he was committed to jail. As the record stands, Perrigo is charged with having married Sarah E. Sylvester, in Boston, on the 24th of May, 1869; Isabella C. Flagg, a very intelligent semi-mute young lady of superior personal attractions, in the same city, on the 4th of November, 1876, and Jesse Gann, of this city, on the 11th of December, 1876. It is alleged that after his first marriage he moved to Illinois, where he deserted his first wife. He returned to Boston, where he met and married his second, who in turn was abandoned on the 24th of October, 1877. He then came to Richmond, where he made his latest and most disastrous matrimonial venture with Miss Gann, whose father had him arrested on the charges specified. Mrs. Gann, his latest mother-in-law, having reason to suspect that Perrigo had been previously married and having obtained a clew to the former wives, with a woman's curiosity, more than anything else, wrote to Mrs. Flagg, and in reply received the following letters:—

CRIMINATING CORRESPONDENCE.  
No. 123 BROAD STREET,  
Boston, Nov. 26, 1880.

MRS. GANN:—  
Yours of the 24th received. Oscar E. Perrigo gave me to understand that he was a single man, and with very little knowledge and his previous letters an acquaintance of about three years I consented to let my daughter marry him. Within a few days after the ceremony I received an anonymous letter informing me that he was married, and that was the first intimation I had of anything of this sort. I spoke to him about it; and he acknowledged having been married, but said his wife was dead, and produced two letters confirming his statement purporting to come from his wife's mother and the physicians who attended her. By inquiry I have since learned there never was a doctor of that name in the town where they resided. I thought strange both letters were without envelopes, but he said he threw them in the waste basket. I enclosed your Sarah Perrigo's letter to me, and I would like it returned. Also enclosed is a letter from somebody in Lynn, which came to us just as it is, opened, after I left Boston. The date of my daughter's marriage with him was November 4, 1876. Truly yours,  
Mrs. H. N. FLAGG.

The following is the enclosed letter referred to in the above:—

BLUE SPRINGS, Gage County, Neb., April 2.  
DEAR MADAM:—We received your letter to-day and hasten to reply. If Mr. Perrigo says he has ever heard of my death he states what he knows is not true. I have letters in my possession from him written at various times since he was married, and which I can produce. I can bring proof of all I state. My mother has not written for many years. If you wish to know any other facts I will answer anything you may ask.

MRS. SARAH E. PERRIGO.

The following letter came direct from Mrs. Perrigo No. 1:—

BLUE SPRINGS, Gage County, Neb., Dec. 6, 1880.

MRS. GANN:—  
DEAR MADAM:—I received your letter and hasten to answer it. As one of the parties in this and business (though an innocent one) I feel I owe you all the information I can give you. I was divorced from Mr. Perrigo in 1869. I lived last with him in Sandwich, Ill., in 1873. We were married by the Rev. Henry M. King, of Boston Highlands. I heard from him last just about the time he married Mrs. Flagg's daughter—October, 1876, I think. He pretended to think I was dead, but he knew better. I think he ought to suffer the penalty of the law he has broken, and I earnestly hope your daughter will not suffer very deeply when her eyes are opened to the deception practiced upon her. Yours truly,  
O. E. PERRIGO.

MRS. GANN:—  
DEAR MADAM:—I received your letter just as I was starting for the school. I am teaching and answered it in a hurry. I find by returning to it that I did not answer your questions. I was married to Mr. Perrigo in Boston in 1869. I lived last with him in Sandwich, Ill., in 1873. We were married by the Rev. Henry M. King, of Boston Highlands. I heard from him last just about the time he married Mrs. Flagg's daughter—October, 1876, I think. He pretended to think I was dead, but he knew better. I think he ought to suffer the penalty of the law he has broken, and I earnestly hope your daughter will not suffer very deeply when her eyes are opened to the deception practiced upon her. Yours truly,  
O. E. PERRIGO.

These letters confirmed the suspicions of Mrs. Gann and her husband, but no action was taken by them, until recently, when it was charged that Perrigo made indecent advances to a sister of his present wife, not yet ten years old. This roused the ire of the girl and finally the three marriages and the latter offences culminated in the present proceedings. When the case was called to-day in the police court, Perrigo was confronted by the two mothers of his wives Nos. 2 and

3. The latter, Mrs. Flagg, attracted most attention. She was fashionably attired in a black silk dress and wore a fur lined cloak. Her age is considerably on the shady side of forty; she is tall, slender, and a good specimen of the sharp New England woman. She eyed her delectable son-in-law through a pair of gold spectacles, and it was evident she came prepared to contribute all of her energy and ability towards his punishment. Her testimony was brief and to the point, and in a brief cross-examination by Mr. S. B. Witt, counsel for the prisoner, she displayed considerable tact and smartness in repartee. She testified that she was the mother of Bella C. Perrigo, wife of the prisoner, and was present at his marriage to her. She had with her some of the cards of invitation to the marriage, and she exhibited a certificate of the marriage of Isabella C. Flagg to Oscar E. Perrigo, in Boston, on the 4th of November, 1876, by the Rev. Lewis L. Briggs. Continuing, she deposed that Bella S. Perrigo is still living, and there has never been a divorce. A paper was then introduced by the Commonwealth's attorneys purporting to be a certificate of the marriage of Perrigo to Sarah E. Sylvester, of Boston, on May 24th, 1869, by Rev. H. M. King, of that city. Mrs. Flagg further testified that she had no proof of the first marriage except by letters. She heard that Perrigo was a married man, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Sylvester in Nebraska. She received a letter in reply from Sarah E. Perrigo, stating that Oscar E. Perrigo was a married man. I heard this while he was on his marriage tour. Upon his return I showed him the letter. He said that he had been married before but that his wife was dead.

Mrs. Gann, mother-in-law No. 3 testified to the marriage of her daughter with the prisoner, which had been corroborated by Mr. Andrew Jenkins, clerk of the Hastings Court, of this city, who issued their married license. This closed the testimony, and the police justice committed the prisoner to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A LETTER FROM THE ACCUSED.

The following is one of a number of letters in Mrs. Flagg's possession from the prisoner in this city and prior to his last marriage:—

RICHMOND, Va., June 2, 1878.  
MRS. FLAGG:—  
The majority of two long years have passed since I last saw you. They have been years of headaches for me as well as for you. I wrote last both to you and Belle, as you did not either of you reply I felt that you deemed it best not to do so. The letter which she said she saw written by me which caused her to write to me, she said had no date, and therefore she could not tell when it was written, which I thought was poor evidence; but let that drop. She said I was not her husband, and she would never live with me again. I answered the letter as well as I could, and then communication stopped. Then began the most lonely time I ever experienced, but I will not rehearse that. I know how lonely you, too, have suffered. In the lines above is the only place I have written that name since that day. I do not wish to do so, but I want memories, but to ask what may be your wish in the matter. There are some things of mine at your home which I value not so much for their worth as that they were presents from friends, and would like very much to have them. It is your wish that our connection should wholly cease forever, as was Belle's idea, would it not look that I should return to her the presents she has given me, and that she should do the same again? If you will please indicate the amount of money due, I will pay it, if you will arrange to send all that belongs to me. I presume that my sister or some of her family will receive anything I send, and to see to mailing the exchange with you. I hope some such arrangements will meet your approval, and if such, I will be glad if you will write to me or reply verbally by whoever presents this letter to you as to what you are willing to do.

OSCAR E. PERRIGO.

P. S.—I have never discussed these matters or mentioned anything relating to them to Mr. Porter Flagg, as I did not know what your wishes were. Please tell me whether he knows of all this and how you wish me to act toward him in relation to it.

Salem Society.

The Salem Society of Deaf Mutes held its 6th annual meeting January 17th, 1881, electing for its General Manager H. P. Chapman, which makes the second year he has held the position. They also re-elected their former Trustees for a term of three years from next month. The report shows the society to be in a sound financial condition. Mr. L. L. Chapman is the only authorized Lady Agent, and if her name is borne in mind the public need not be misled by unauthorized persons who may solicit their subscriptions. The religious services of this society are uniformly open and free to every deaf-mute of this city and vicinity, and it does not attempt to make proselytes to any particular denomination. The pastor does not undervalue church organizations nor church ordinances. The Gospel of Salvation is preached in its simplicity. Preachers and others of all denominations are welcome to the meeting, and their assistance is frequently given and cordially welcomed.

SALEM, Jan. 30th, 1881.

When President Lincoln was in office, the big political schemers were constantly giving him advice. You're right," he would say, "quite right, no doubt, but you see I've got to take the responsibility, and I don't see it with your eyes."

When Parson Smith preached his first sermon at Snookville, he referred to his call as coming from the Lord. "What you say may be all right," said "Squire Monilage, after the service; 'the Lord may have called you here, parson, but I reckon we'll have to foot the bills.'"

SILENT CEREMONY.

Marriage of two Mutes in Providence, R. I.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NOVEL IN HYMENIAL MATTERS.

John McGinn, the Deaf-Mute, and his Pretty Bride.

(From the Providence Sunday Transcript.)

A singularly novel marriage ceremony took place in Providence, R. I., on Tuesday afternoon last, which was peculiar from the quietude of the proceedings. Elegant marriages, where wealth unites with beauty, amid the joyous and noisy congratulations of warm friends and acquaintances, have been of common occurrence here, as also have the union of hearts, where love has been the only stock in trade of the happy pair. At all these nuptial celebrations there is general festivity according to the means of the participants. At all there is more or less clamor of excitement and merriment. It therefore becomes a novelty to witness a marriage ceremony where the silence of the grave almost prevails, and where not a word is spoken by either bride or groom, or by the assembled friends. But such an one took place in this city, as above mentioned, on Tuesday last, and all the congratulations consisted of hearty pressures of the hand, smiles and pantomimic expressions of delight.

The bride was Miss Jennie Smith, a lady somewhat under medium height, with dark hair and light complexion. She is but a little over nineteen years of age and was born at No. 420 Benefit street.

The groom is a fine looking young man—athletic and muscular, and the perfect picture of health. He is dark complexioned, with black hair, ruddy cheeks and sports a very neat black mustache. His age is about twenty-five years, and for a long time was in the employ of W. McElroy & Son, grocers, at 70 Wickenden street. He is a deaf-mute, while his bride, although dumb, is possessed of the sense of hearing.

A representative of the Transcript met the newly married man, Mr. McGinn, the day after his nuptials and had an interview with him by means of pen and paper. In reply to written queries, he wrote the answer that he was married by Rev. Mr. Bailey at No. 184 Hope street, and that his wife had a family of three children. She was without maternal relative. He met her on Benefit street about three months ago, and was smitten by her charms, and after the brief courtship proposed in pantomimic protestations of affection and was accepted. At the marriage ceremony there were a number of friends who were deaf mutes. There was no party or wedding reception given on the occasion.

Mr. Ginn and the happy bride will at once go to housekeeping. They seem to be greatly attached to each other, and bid fair to live a long and peaceful life. There is one thing beyond peradventure—they will not annoy the neighborhood with domestic broils and shouts. Both are intelligent and of quiet demeanor, and although John likes his glass of beer occasionally, he keeps within bounds and never "gets off his base." He is not a highly educated man, as may be inferred as one of the natural results of the affliction under which he suffers. Yet he is sufficiently well-read and cultured to pass himself acceptably in ordinary society. He is well known about the town, and his industry and regular habits are acknowledged by all.

The description which John gave for his love for his bride were of the emphatic order, and although his connotations were somewhat laughable as he hugged his arms to his breast, and rolled his eyes heavenward to indicate that she was the divinity of sweetness. It showed plainly that he was dead in love with her, and cherished her as the apple of his eye. We wrote on a slip of paper, "You must have got badly mashed, John," he gave us a poke in the ribs, and laughed immoderately.

It is to be hoped that they will enjoy the journey along the matrimonial pathway of life, and in the language of Rip Van Winkle, "may they live long and prosper," and may a cross word or an angry retort, never pass between them.

Notes From A Michigan Correspondent.

One cannot help but to be amused on reading some of the ridiculous protests against a college for mute ladies, advanced by certain of the gentlemen correspondents of the JOURNAL many of whom are like "the dog in the manger," as it being utterly impossible for they themselves to enter such a college, owing to their limited mental facilities, they seem resolved that those of their class of the opposite sex possessed of high intellectual powers, must also remain away. It is our private opinion that all people without regard to color or

sex, should be granted equal educational advantages.

We learn that Mr. William Lewis, and Miss Corn Potter, both graduates of the Michigan Institution, were married last week. Success to the happy couple.

L. Roulo recently arrived in Detroit from Flint, and we understand is shortly to commence work in the Union Manufactory.

It is stated that Charles E. Popen-dick, a semi-mute of Kalamazoo, and a first-class shoemaker, is shortly to visit some of his Detroit friends.

We would like to learn more regarding that proposed picnic of Michigan mutes to Saginaw, etc., next summer. Will certain parties interested, enlighten us through the columns of the JOURNAL?

Miss Lizzie Kern, is universally acknowledged as the leading deaf-mute belle of Detroit. Your correspondent recently had the pleasure of meeting her beautiful and accomplished sister.

Those who will have charge of the enterprise have resolved that the Grand Combination Picnic of mutes to Put-in-Bay next summer shall not be surpassed by any previous affair of kind. We hope that none will fail to attend. We know that those who are able to attend and do not will surely regret it. Full particulars will be given in due season.

GEO. E. MORTON.  
DETROIT, Jan. 31, 1881.

DUMB.

Oh! It is full of sad, sad, unfathomable meaning.  
Dumb! It is the most sorrowful word in the English language. The one royal gift which the merciful God gave to man above the poor brute is denied him—he can not speak.

Doomed to everlasting silence. Shut up in external loveliness! Lips sealed with the seal of darkness—lips from which no sound may come, day after day, year after year, forever! To have thoughts which writhe, and beat against the iron bars of deliverance, and yet be able to say not once, "I love you." To feel, to know, to suffer, and to give back but the inarticulate moan of brute agony. It is horrible.

The world is full of unhappy half-mutes who can not speak the thoughts within them. "A good soul, but he hasn't the gift of gab," is what thoughtless people often say of a tortured one, who would gladly give anything but to speak as he knows he ought to, knows he can speak, only that a fatal cord binds his utterance. They often try to tell their thoughts and wants in a written language. To many it seems strange. To them this scribbling in a strange tongue, this painful spattering and blundering, are unpleasant. They speak and think above those silent ones. Perhaps our home is a strange land to them, and in their native language, their thoughts and their knowledge are far higher than ours. Possibly this weak, muddled intellect is striving for expression in the speech of our lower ways and feelings, like a soul strayed by mistake into a body whose language it cannot speak.

But do not laugh at those dumb people. God knows what is best for a spirit. The chain will eventually be loosened in another country, for there is not a single noble, faithful, aspiration which shall not be fulfilled, if not in this world, then of a surety in the next. Dumb orator, speechless poet, silent artist, let this comfort you.

You have seen people born with an intense, passionate love of music, and yet be utterly powerless to express the simplest melody. These are those who look at a royal mountain top rising through the golden mist, or a western sky flooded with the sunset's ineffable beauty, and their hearts yearn and ache within them to reproduce this beauty in glorious immortal painting, but the wish, chilled and broken, falls backward to the ground. Will this divine longing remain unsatisfied through the cycles of eternity? Faithless and unbelieving! There is not a worthy purpose defeated in this world, but will be realized in some other one.

Oh, voiceless singer! Believe that thy harp will be unnumbered some of those days: believe that thy clogged spirit shall yet be free to throbb and thrill to that golden measure which is denied it here. Mute orator! thou shalt be silver-tongued. In the native home of the soul there shall be granted thee a kingly eloquence; a silent artist! whose hands are tied, an hour will come when the cord shall be unbound. Wait.

Oh! dumb lips! Ye shall be touched with living fire. They tell us there's something grand outside of our ears.

"But our life's in our eyes,  
Oh! thank God for the prize."

JUDAH DE COURSEY.

Cincinnati.

Last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Mann filled his appointment at this place to a large audience. At the close of the sermon, he gave a lecture on the "Tongue," explaining how small it was, but it was the cause of so much trouble, and urging this auditors to avoid the soil of gossip, etc. His lecture was listened to with great attention.

Leibstein, an intelligent mute from Gotham, [Diligent inquiry among New York mutes has failed to discover any one who knows a mute named Leibstein. His statement that he was for two years a clerk for Dr. Peet, also that he had been offered a position as teacher in the New York Institution which he de-

clined, is false.—Ed.] has secured employment as a cutter in the mammoth tailoring establishment of Stern, Mayer & Co., and proposes to become a citizen of this city.

Mr. Elmer Lewis, of Illinois, and a former student in the Indianapolis school, was in this city last week, hunting for work, but failing to find any job, returned home last Monday. We all regret his failure to find work, as we would like to have him to stay here.

Mr. Wiles, formerly of Hamilton, Ohio, and now living in Cumminsville, a submit of this city, fell down on the ice and broke his leg last week, and is now confined in the Cincinnati Hospital.

Max Morgenthau mourns the loss of his fine sister, which was stolen by a sneak thief, from the hall of his residence last week. He immediately ordered another overcoat from Chicago, and is proud of it.

Frank Wood, of Newport, has secured work in the watch case factory of Dabner, in that town.

Jacob E. Wilson, of Independence, was in the city two weeks ago, to have his eyes treated by a celebrated oculist, and I am glad to say they are much better. He was stone blind for some time last December.

Miss L. C. Gray has not returned home yet, as stated in your paper, but is still in Newport.

"Charlemagne," your article on "Honglands" has been published a thousand times, but your motive is evident—that is, to bring the unfortunate domestic affair of my sister into print.

Mrs. Smithson, of Newport, Ky., was surprised by a party of mutes at her brother's home in this city, Jan. 29th, and made the recipient of quite a number of trinkets in honor of her birthday.

MERCURY.

Feb. 2, 1881.

A DEAF GAMBLER.

[Once and (O.) Leader.]

The letter from Mrs. M. Bowers, of Chautauque, Neesho county, Kan., which gave the account of the injuries received by a young man named "Ned" Gordon, who is supposed to be a former resident of Cleveland, created considerable excitement among the gamblers and sporting men of the Forest City. It will be remembered that at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of this month a young man appeared at her door and begged to be taken in and cared for; that she heeded his request, and found that his head was quite seriously cut and one of his legs probably broken. Mrs. Bowers also said that in the pockets of Gordon's clothing were found

\$2,300 IN CASH,

a gold watch and chain, and three letters, one from "Dottie" of Detroit, one from "Josie," and one written at Socorro, New Mexico. All of the letters contained a reference to Cleveland. In describing Gordon, Mrs. Bowers said that he is about 25 years old; his brown hair is cut short; his features are regular, his eyes blue, and his mustache light. Mrs. Bowers is evidently a good Samaritan, for she said that she would place Gordon's valuables in the hands of some responsible party in case he died, and telegraph the Mayor of Cleveland of the fact. As soon as the letter was received a reporter called upon Mayor Herriek for the purpose of learning whether he had received any intelligence of the affair. The Mayor had heard nothing from Mrs. Bowers, and could not think of any Cleveland by the name of Gordon who is in Kansas. Mrs. Bowers, among other things, it will be recollected said that her house is situated about 200 yards from the track of the M. & K. T. Railroad, and that, in her opinion, Gordon either fell or was knocked from the Texas express, which passes her house at 4 A.M. Yesterday, however, after conversing with the police and detectives, the Mayor became satisfied that the injured "Ned" Gordon, is no one else but

"DEAF NED."

a noted gambler, who in company with Charley Knapp, left Cleveland about three months ago. "Ned," while here occupied a room on Champaign street. When he disappeared, the detectives lost all traces of him, and heard nothing of his whereabouts until they read the article in yesterday's paper. They are of the opinion that "Ned," by means of one of his numerous tricks managed to fleece some one out of the \$2,300, and that in jumping from the train to make his escape he was hurled to the ground and injured as Mrs. Bowers describes. Gordon is said to be a native of Xenia, Ohio, or at least he is quite respectably connected there, and that was his home for many years. He is a finely educated young man, having spent considerable time at college. At one time he was the possessor of

A LARGE PROPERTY,

but lost it all in unfortunate speculations and by gambling. For several years past, nearly all his time has been spent in the West, occasionally paying a flying visit to his friends in this section. He was a clerk for nearly two years in a hotel at San Jose, Cal., then he went to Oregon where he remained for some time, and then found his way to the mines of Colorado, where he has made and lost considerable property. From letters received here a few days ago, it is evident that Gordon was on his way to this city, and his friends here say that he was probably intoxicated and

fell from the ears while passing from one to the other. He is a periodical drinker and it is believed that he was enjoying a spree on his trip. Gordon is deaf, which infirmity caused him to be called "Deaf Ned."

The Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Charleston, S. C.,	February 13th.
Tallahassee, Fla.,	16th.
Jacksonville, Fla.,	20th.
Effaula, Ala.,	23d.
Montgomery, Ala.,	27th.
Mobile, Ala.,	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	23d.
Austin, Texas,	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April 3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	17th.
Baton Rouge, La.,	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May 1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	25th.
Mayfield, Ky.,	June 5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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